

A Collection of New

# SONGS

CALL'D,

## The Milk-maids GARLAND

I. *The Bonny Milk-Maid.*

II. *The Wonderful Wedding.*

III. *The private Encounter between two Lovers.*

IV. *The Hasty Lover, &c.*

V. *Princely Recreation, or the curious Fashions*



LONDON

## The Bonny Millmaid. To a new Playhouse Inn.

The Nymphs and Silv'ry Gods  
That loves green Fields and  
When Spring newly bloov'n Woods  
Her self does adorn  
With Flowers and blooming Buds,  
Come sing in the praise  
Whilſt Flocks do graze  
In yonder pleasant Vale,  
Of those that chooſe  
Their sleep to looſe,  
And in cold Dewys,  
Wet their clouded Shooes,  
To carry the Milling-pail.

The Goddess of the Morn  
With blushey they do n,  
And take the fresh air  
Whilſt Sunnets prepare  
To adorn each green Thorne  
And each bird and Thrush  
In every bush,  
And the charming Nightingale,  
In every rain,  
Their Throats do strain,  
To sing their  
And joy to raise  
That carry the Milling-pail.

And cold bleak Winds do roar,  
And all things canſpiring no more,  
The fields that were seen  
To be green and green,  
By Winter all candid oer;  
And how the Tower Lad  
Looks with her white Face,  
And her lips of deadly pale,  
And how she  
And how she  
And how she

The Miſs of courtly mold,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
With Waſhes and Paint  
Her Skin does so taint.  
She's wither'd before she's old,  
Whilſt ſhe in Commode  
Sits on a Carr-load,  
And with Croſſiers pump her Tail  
What joys are found  
In Ruſſet Gown,  
Young plump and round,  
And ſweet and ſound  
That carry the Milling-pail.

The Girls of Venus Game,  
That venture Health and Fame,  
In practiſing Feats,  
With cold and with heat  
Makes lovers grow blind and ſelame,  
If men were ſo wiſe,  
To value the prize  
Of the Wares moſt fit for Sale;  
What ſtore of Bees  
Would daub their cloaths,  
To have a Noſe  
By following a Noſe  
That carry the Milling-pail.

The Country Lad is free  
From Fear and Jealouſy  
When upon the Green  
He is often ſeen  
With his laſt upon his ſide,  
With Kiſſes moſt ſweet  
He does her ſo treat,  
And ſwears ſhe'll never ſale  
To any other  
In any place  
And how she

W O M A N.

Tho' you so cunningly strive to obtain my Love,  
 thus I must tell you I'm not to be won,  
 For should I yield Sir, you soon would disdain me  
 & to find me other new Mistress would run (Love,  
 Prithce; Deceives no longer endeavour,  
 or think that I ever will give my consent;  
 I tell you Sir Harry, for fear I miscarry,  
 unless you will marry, this is my intent.

V. *Prince's Recreation, Or, The curious Faulkon*

I.

There was a fine Faulkon flew out of a Mew,  
 Gingerly, curiously, for my Love *Diana*,  
 If the *Faulkon* be lost then the Keeper shall rue,  
 Sing *Tuulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne, Cornello.*

II.

The Faulkner went out, for the Faulkon to find  
 Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diana*,  
 And at length then he spy'd her come shirring in  
 (the Wind,  
 Sing *Tuulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello.*

III.

She open'd her Wings & she show'd me her Breast  
 Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diana*,  
 She had her Desire, and I had my Request;  
 Sing *Tuulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello.*

IV.

Her Bell they were sure, & her Tail were sure  
 Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diana*,  
 And her Name 'tis engraved, and it nere shall be  
 Sing *Tuulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*, (the

## The Bonny Milkmaid To a new Playhouse Tunn.

The Nymphs and Sylvan Gods  
That loves green Fields and  
Whose spring newly blovvn (Woods  
her self does adorn  
With Flowers and blooming Buds;  
Come sing in the praise  
Of whitt Fluck who graze  
In yonder pleasant Vale;  
Of those that choose  
their sleep to loose,  
and in cold Dewys,  
with clouted Shoes,  
Do carry the Milking-pail.

The Goddess of the Morn  
With blushes they do on,  
and take the fresh air  
with Lust Linnets prepare  
To comb each green Thorne  
The Lark Bird and Thrush  
In every bush,  
And the charming Nightingale,  
In every vale,  
their Throats do strain,  
to entertain  
the jolly train  
That carry the Milking-pail.

When cold black Winds do roare,  
and blavv'rs can sing no more,  
the Fields that were seen  
to be all green,  
by Winter all candid ore;  
as how the Togen Lass  
looks with her white Face,  
and her lips of deadly pale;  
but it is not so  
when those that go  
through Frost and Snow

The Miss of courtly mold,  
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,  
with Washe and Paint  
her Skin does so taint.  
She's wither'd before she's old,  
whitt she in Commode  
puts on a Cere-load,  
And with Croisient plump; her Tail  
what joys are found  
in Ruffe Gown,  
yung plump and round,  
and sweet and frum  
That carry the Milking-pail.

The Girls of Venus Game,  
That ve nues Health and Fame,  
in practising Feats,  
with cold and with he ts  
Makes lovers grow blind & lame,  
if men were so wise,  
to value the prize  
Of the Wares most fit for Sale;  
what store of Be us  
would daub their cloaths,  
to have a Nose,  
by following those  
That carry the Milking-pail.

The Country Lad is free  
From Fear and Jealousie,  
when upon the Green  
he is often seen  
With his lass upon his knee,  
with Kisses most sweet  
he does her so treat,  
and sweats she'll nee grow stale  
with the same  
in every place  
with her beaver face



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thus I must tell you I'm not to be won,  
For should I yield Sir, you soon would disdain me  
& to find me other new Mistress would run (love,  
Prithce Deceyver no longer endeavour,  
or think that I ever will give my consent,  
I tell you Sir Harry, for fear I miscarry,  
unless you will marry, this is my intent.

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I.

There was a fine Faulkon flew out of a Mew,  
Gingerly, curiously, for my Love *Diano*,  
If the *Faulkon* be lost then the Keeper shall rue,  
Sing *Tunlo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne, Cornello.*

II.

The Faulkner went out, for the Faulkon to find  
Gingerly & curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
And at length then he spy'd her come shyring in  
(the Wind,  
Sing *Tunlo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello.*

III.

She open'd her Wings & she show'd me her Breast  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
She had her Desire, and I had my Request;  
Sing *Tunlo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello.*

IV.

Her Bell they were, & her Tails were  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
And her Name 'tis ingraved, and it nere shall be  
Sing *Tunlo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*, (the

She's a dainty fine Miss, you may guess very well  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
Then I tell not her Name, yet she liv'd in *Palmeto*,  
Sing, *Tutulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello*.

VI.

And as I have heard a Bird oftentimes sing,  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
This Faulkon was much belov'd by a brave  
(King,  
Sing *Tutulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello*.

VII,

The King still this Faulkon would hold on his fist  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
And belov'd her so well that he often her kist,  
Sing, *Tutulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello*.

VIII.

But now this fine Faulkon has taken her flight,  
Gingerly, curiously for my Love *Diano*,  
And the good King is gone that in her took de-  
10 JU 52 (light  
Sing *Tutulo* for my Love *Corne Cornello*,  
*Nello, Nello, Corne Cornello*.

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